

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

[COMMUNICATED]

PARIS, OCTOBER 29, 1838.

I trust that the information and pleasure which your readers will receive from the perusal of select fragments of the fugitive productions of French literati, will be an ample apology for my intrusion upon your columns. It is my present intention to translate for your sheet, as occasion and time allow, whatever may strike me as adapted to interest an American public; and, with that view, I commence with the letters of a living French writer, who enjoys a high rank among the "hommes des lettres" of his own land, and is favorably known as a shrewd and observant writer on Spain. The letters of Ad Guerauld, on Italy, are now being published in the Journal des Debats, and the one which I have selected for the present communication, will well reward an attentive perusal.

Yours, etc. J. C. BRENT.

LETTERS ON ITALY.

BY AD GUERAULD.

Translated for the Native American.

VENICE, SEPT. 26, 1838.

Venice has been strong and powerful, but is no longer. And why be astonished? Is not hers the common destiny of all human things? Is not history rife with ruined empires and nations in decay? And is it not a fact well known, that life, strength and power, have been measured out to nations as well as to individuals? That when a people have accomplished their allotted time, they must perish, and that the sovereignty which has passed from them, must be transmitted to a race younger and more worthy of empire than themselves! Where now are Ninivah and Babylon, Tyre and Carthage, and so many other cities of old, so powerful, formerly mistress, like Venice, of the commerce and navigation of their epochs, and whose sites the learned of our days, after a thousand profound commentaries and ingenious conjectures, are not even certain of having discovered? Venice has suffered the same fate—why be surprised at the result?

I confess with all due humility that this philosophical explanation does not, in my opinion, give a satisfactory reason for this slow agony, which extinguishes, by degrees, every vital principle in Venice, which dries up the sources of prosperity and activity, and which decimates the population in such a way, that it has been calculated that sixty years would make Venice an uninhabited heap of stones, a ruin such as the inundations of the barbarians left behind them in their wars of extermination. This violent and complete death of an entire people, was possible in the days of antiquity, when, next to civilized Italy, stood barbaric Germany, when the lights of civilization, transmitted by tradition, or through rare and perishable manuscripts, might perish or be lost in a warlike cataclysm, and replunge for ages a nation into its primal darkness. But at present, amid the incessant exchange of ideas and knowledge, with this proximity and perpetual communication of all civilized nations, how explain the absolute death of a people? Most assuredly I can conceive how the nationality of a people can perish; I can understand the effects of conquest; I can imagine how several small republics may lose their names, by merging them in an association more extensive; I understand the fall of the republic of Venice, a fact common-place and natural; but that the city of Venice should die, that its riches should perish, that its population should decrease so as to threaten a speedy failure, that its palaces should fall into ruins, that the last remnants of old patrician families should be reduced so low as to receive per diem from Austrian charity the alms of a Swagsiger (17 French sous) without another aristocracy rising on its ruins, without the commercial community ever having conceived the idea of elevating itself in its place, without Austria ever having dreamed of profiting by its conquest, is what appears to me difficult to comprehend. If nothing were at stake for Venice but a change of possession and domination, is not all Italy at hand to give us similar examples? Genoa also, the rival of Venice, has fallen from her rank as a sovereign republic; but Genoa, a Piedmontese city, is yet one of the most flourishing ports of the Mediterranean. Milan and Florence afford us similar examples. And Holland, which held for a time the sceptre of the seas, which balanced the maritime prowess of England, which struggled victoriously with the fleets of France, Holland, too, has it not fallen from its olden power? Holland has fallen, but is not dead; she has no longer the supremacy of the seas; but she encourages commerce, is rich, nourishes her inhabitants, and keeps her rank among navigating nations. Whence then proceeds this sad exception in the case of Venice? Whence this complete annihilation which has spared nothing, which has stifled even hope in the bosoms of its inhabitants? Whence comes it that this city which is dying, and which is aware of its situation, makes not an effort to escape its destiny? Whence comes it that the vessels which enter its port, return laden without having left at Venice a ton of merchandise, and without a voice being sent forth from this sepulchre, to invite the solicitude of government to a position so much to be regretted?

The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, is the leading cause, justly assigned by common consent, for the decline of the republic. The commerce of India, which until then had crossed Asia over land, and of which the Venetians were the factors and porters, flowed into the new channel opened by the daring genius of Vasco da Gama. About the same epoch, Columbus enlarged the world by the addition of an entire continent, and the Mediterranean, which, until then, had been the whole commercial world, dethroned by the Atlantic and Indian oceans, occupied only a secondary place in mercantile speculations. The Peloponnesus, the conquest of which had been the last effort of its power, is taken from it at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the peace of Passarowitz. Thus deprived of its remaining possessions in the Mediterranean, Venice, knowing no longer how to occupy her vessels, became discouraged; the merchants who had ventured their capitals in maritime commerce, withdrew them by degrees, and bought landed estates on the continent. When a city located as is Venice, and whose strength consists in navigation, devotes itself to agriculture, it is clear that all is lost. In effect it is well known with what ease General Ponapeste effected from the political chart this republic of old, so powerful. It offered no resistance; it confessed itself conquered from the

beginning. The body still remained, but the soul had long departed. Venice had as yet her fleets, soldiers, an arsenal; yet all was nothing but exterior display; the heart was wanting, and she exhaled her last sighs in the arms of the young General of the French republic.

It is not this political death of Venice which startles us. This power of fourteen centuries had for a long time attained its final developments. She had long acquired fabled riches; and whilst on the one side she enfeebled herself with pleasures, on the other, the political power, the solicitude of public matters, being concentrated in a too small number of families, there was nothing to keep alive the feeling of nationality in the lower orders of society. There were intrigues, but no parties; there were none of those passionate struggles, where character imbibes a new energy, and the life of a nation is entirely renewed. This aged courtizan, exhausted by the abuse of every luxury, died suddenly, leaving her inheritance to the first occupant.

The republic was dead; the city, the port, the maritime position still existed. How came it that in the energetic hands of Napoleon, Venice remained buried in its sleep? How came it that this great man, who gave life to so many things, did not succeed in communicating to Venice one spark of his devouring activity? How happened it that Austria, which succeeded to his power, allowed this inanimate body to crumble into ashes? Why did she not endeavour to engraft a new Venice on the sterile trunk of the one that was departed? Such is the question which naturally suggests itself to the mind.

For now the days of the glory of the Mediterranean have returned; the Cape of Good Hope is no more a rival to be feared by her; the commerce of India is disposed to return to its ancient channel more and more every day; and the industrial movement which is propagated along her coast, opens continually new fields for the activity of her sailors. All the ports of the Mediterranean are prosperous; and without dwelling upon Marseilles, Leghorn, Naples, has it not Trieste near to its gates, which proves by the rapid increase of its riches, that it is not necessary to go out of the Mediterranean in search of fortune, and that there are yet treasures in oriental commerce? Why should not Venice be a rival of Trieste? Why may it not serve as an entrepot to all the Eastern coast of Italy? Why does she not assume the same attitude as respects Milan, as Trieste assumes with the coasts of Illyria? Is there a natural and absolute impossibility or only a difficulty, that may be overcome?

At Venice, as well as in all the rest of Italy, the French domination has left traces of its passage. The palace which fronts upon St. Marc, the garden which is at the end of the quay of Selavonius, and the beautiful street which leads to it, are due to the care of Eugene Beauharnais. Napoleon also thought of re-establishing the maritime importance of Venice; but the incessant wars which he was forced to support against the English, and the blockade by their fleets of all the ports then under our dominion, opposed an invincible obstacle to the success of his plans. Nevertheless Mr. de Prony was instructed by the Emperor to draw up a project for the melioration and enlargement of the port of Malamocco, one of the three ports of ancient Venice, which, from the last days of the republic to the present time, has remained almost choked up with sand, and most difficult of access; the celebrated engineer, as it would seem, did draw up a plan which the stormy character of the epoch, and finally the fall of Napoleon, prevented from being carried into effect. Since then, nothing has been tried, and the old infirmities of Venice have only been aggravated by the lapse of time.

Without alluding any more to the moral causes which render the resurrection of Venice so difficult, it would be necessary, according to the opinions of the most intelligent inhabitants, to introduce several important modifications in the material and administrative condition of the city of Venice.

Thus, before all, a commodious and safe harbor should be made of the three which she possesses, Malamocco, Chioggia, and the Sili; there is not one in good condition; all three are encroached upon by sand bars, or so difficult to approach, that vessels fear the attempt. Some years back the Austrian Government desired the revival of Napoleon's project; examinations into the state of the port of Malamocco, were made by order; it is said even that these examinations were sent to Paris for the purpose of being submitted to Mr. de Prony; but for some time past, it has not been heard of, and in a country where the liberty of the press does not exist, no means is known of stimulating the slowness of the administration; it is necessary to practice patience.

The freedom of the harbor, which was granted Venice as a favor, has proved unfavorable to her against common expectation. With the few fortunes and small consumption at Venice, it is from her relations with terra firma that most profit should be expected; she receives merchandise free from duty, but when she wishes to introduce them on the continent, endless formalities and the slowness of Austrian custom-houses must be endured, so that the privilege is rather a burden than of use, and it is the general desire that it should be abolished.

In fine, Venice is separated from terra firma by about two leagues of marsh; and this isolated position, in connection with the state of its harbors, is the most serious obstacle to every serious attempt at regeneration. In the days of Venetian splendor, this insulated position did not offer the same inconvenience; Venice, in fact, did not employ its mercantile fleets for provisioning the coasts of Italy alone; the Venetians were the actors of all the Mediterranean commerce. Charged with the transportation of the merchandises of the East, from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, the situation of their city had but little influence on the profits—which they claimed on commission. At present, as she has been completely supplanted in her lucrative functions, Venice has only one method of becoming useful and rich, and that is to serve as an entrepot and point of transportation for Lombardy and Tyrol; and it is easily seen what an immense disadvantage to her is her isolated position. Once disembarked at Venice, the merchandise, to be landed, must be transported in lighter boats; the expenses of this process are enormous. Venice, in a word, is not a port of the coast of Italy, it is not the outlet of the produce of Lombardy, nor the necessary intermediary of oriental commerce; it is simply a city situated in the midst of the sea, which produces nothing, which imports from the continent its bread, wine, meats, wood, and even its water, and which has nothing to give in exchange; it is a city of householders, who consume their capitals—a city, in fine, entirely artificial, which has been enabled to live and shine with extraordinary splendor by a miracle of activity and by means of the important share

which it took in the affairs of the commercial world; but which, at present, deprived of the resources which it had without, and abandoned to its own, is drowned a few steps from land, and will be nothing more than a nest of owls in fifty years, if it be not permitted her to lean upon the continent and take a foothold.

It must be observed, to the praise of the Austrian administration, that there is a serious intention of establishing a rail-road, which starting from Milan, will extend even to the very centre of Venice by means of a causeway carried through the marshes. The plans have been matured and the subscriptions filled up; and it is thought that the works will soon be commenced. Nevertheless, (who would believe it!) this event, so important in itself, does not seem to excite much expectation. It is said that the rail-road from Milan will bring to this place a greater number of travellers; that when in six or eight hours a space can be thus gone over which now occupies fourteen, more strangers will arrive, and this is a subject of congratulation, for strangers are the life of Venice. It is the stranger who supports all the industrious classes of Venice, to wit: the innkeepers, guides, gondoliers and guardians of the public monuments; the more there are of them, the better for the city; as to the future prosperity of Venice, all the world may hope for it, except the Venetians. They assert, and with reason, that when the rail-road is finished, in order that commerce should return to Venice, the ports should be restored; supposing these works to be concluded, they admit as a possibility that strangers might come thither to enter into business; but they do not seem to believe that they will ever be tempted to such a step. A lethargy so profound is hardly to be credited. But what else must we expect? This people have been for ages kept aloof from public concerns by an aristocracy jealous of its power; the immense riches scattered about among the population, the facility of life, and the cheapness of every thing, and, above all, the love of pleasure, have caused them, from times long past, to indulge the habits of voluptuous indifference. The Republic dead, they fell, for too brief a period, into the hands of an energetic and creative government, but whose projects were paralyzed by a maritime war, and the preoccupations of an existence completely military. To Napoleon, to France succeeded Austria, a conservative government, fond of tradition, but little favorable to brilliant efforts, to every thing which tends to be elevated, to every thing which passes the ordinary standard. Conformably to the spirit of Austrian policy, this old agonizing city, exhausted, to which life only could be restored by heroic remedies, has been subjected to a decisive regimen of warm water. The young men might have been collected together, spurred onwards, stimulated to study to apply themselves to the useful sciences, their expiring patriotism reanimated by making them understand that their efforts would concur with those of their government to the resurrection of their country. Instead of this system which would have made men, it has been deemed sufficient to apply to this State the common process, that process of which I spoke lately, and which, at Milan, fixes upon Austria, in spite of its administrative perfection, the aversion and hostility of all thinking people. Commerce at Venice is not possible as at Milan.

What, then, is left to the young men of that city? They may enter into the administration, and if they have the patience to pass through the endless gauntlet of the hierarchy, they may expect, between fifty and sixty years, to arrive at some modest post which is scarcely sufficient for the support of their families. Or perhaps they may cultivate the sciences. But for what purpose? It is a trade in which one perishes with hunger, in a country where the government does not affect the learned. What, then, is to be done? Well, then, they must be resigned to their lot, and, for the moment, go to the Lido and dance on the green turf with the young girls, with the certainty to-morrow of doing like so many others, and asking alms of strangers, or of receiving from government, if of good family, a pension of seventeen sous by day. This is what is done, and is the reason why population decreases, palaces fall into ruin, and why the creation of a rail-road, and the digging of a port, will not suffice to the re-establishment of Venice, if means be not discovered at the same time of stimulating the intelligence and ambition of the rising generation.

A new Nose.—Rhinoplastic Operation.—Science repairing the ravages of Quackery.—If there were any thing to illustrate the triumph of medical science and of surgery over empiricism, it is the second successful operation just performed at Boston by Dr. J. M. Warren, on a young female of Maine, for restoring to her an artificial nose quite as good, if not better probably, than the one she had, that had been carried off entirely with all the fleshy part down to the bones, by an impudent Quack, (since dead,) of Waterbury, Maine, singularly enough named Nason, (quasi Natus, nose,) by applying some virulent caustic in the form of poultice, to which the credulous patient had submitted to get rid of a small pimple. She was an object of disgust, and came to Dr. Warren for relief. He abraded the edges and surface of the wound, and brought down a triangular portion of skin from the forehead, (detached except above the nose,) and twisting the same so as to present the inner bleeding surface to the bones of the nose he attached it by sutures. It is kindly uniting by the first intention, having the nostrils well formed and trimmed, so as to make a perfect deception and most useful nose for every purpose required.—N. Y. E. Star.

Good News.—An uninterrupted line of rail road from this city to Washington, will now, we rejoice to announce, be opened to the public about January first; the link from Jersey City to New Brunswick, and on to Trenton, being entirely completed. The whole route from Washington will thus be made in seventeen hours; the mail leaving in the morning and arriving before midnight. The public have for some time enjoyed this beautiful road, as far as from Jersey City, opposite to us, to New Brunswick, and a better road, or more elegant, commodious cars, are no where found—thanks to Messrs. Sykes and Hazard, the engineers.—N. Y. E. Star.

The brig Argyle, Codman, at Baltimore from Rio, was fired into accidentally by a British brig of war, supposing her a slaver. No one hurt.—N. Y. E. Star.

A Government Defaulter.—A joint committee appointed by the Legislature of Mississippi to examine the books and accounts of the late Auditor of the State, John H. Mallory, have reported him a defaulter in the sum of \$54,083 96.—N. O. True American.

AFFAIRS ON THE FRONTIER.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

GENERAL BRADY.—A "sympathizing" meeting has been held in Detroit for the purpose of assailing and denouncing this veteran.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser justly remarks that the name of Hugh Brady is connected with some of the most glorious events in our country's history, and a whip should be put

"In every honest land,

To lash the rascal naked through the world," who thus ventures to assail one who has the honorable scars of a hundred well-fought fields.

The execution of Von Shultz in Canada should carry with it a solemn and admonitory lesson. For his death, no blame is chargeable to any but those who deceived him. Had a Canadian headed a band, and visited the States with the same acts and object, the laws would have hung him speedily. Von Shultz, who died, it is presumable as a fearless spirit, bred to soldiery and peril, should, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and wished that it might be regarded as the merited fruits of a mad and most deceptive enterprise. "My last wish to the Americans," he wrote "is, that they may not think of revenging my death. Let no farther blood be shed, and believe me, from what I have seen, that all the stories that were told about the sufferings of the Canadian People were TRUE."

Thus perished on the glacis of Fort Henry a man who was made the dupe of poltroons and speculators, and thus assisted to deceive others in his turn. His bitter feelings on the scaffold may be well imagined; the awe of approaching death mingling with unuttered execrations upon those who pushed him to that ignominious exit; the pride of manhood struggling with the softness of repentant feeling; and so he went down to a tainted grave; what denunciations are too deep or heavy for the villainous plots which end in scenes like these.

We are not disposed to tarnish the fame or to disparage the character of the dead, nor to manifest any insensibility at the solemn scene now exhibited by the deluded prisoners under the Canadian gallows; but there is one sentiment expressed by the Pole in the above, "My last wish to the Americans is that they may not think of revenging my death," at which we could not repress a smile, that he should suppose that under the circumstances, this country would consider him of sufficient importance to avenge his death, or, in other words, to wage war with Great Britain. If by Americans he only meant those who are influenced by the same delusion that he was, we incline to believe that they, instead of avenging his death will find enough to do to preserve their own lives.

On Monday the following prisoners were tried before the Court Martial at Kingston:

David Huff, from Montgomery Co., N. York, a Dutchman, aged 24.

Michael Frear, from the State of N. York, aged 24.

Emanuel Garrison, from Vermont.

Leonard Delino, Jefferson County, N. Y., aged 25.

Culver S. Clark, from Franklin County, N. Y., aged 48.

John Cronkhite, from Oswego County, N. Y.

William Stebbins Jefferson Co., aged 18.

Peter Cranker, Jefferson Co., aged 19.

Duncan Anderson, Livingston County, N. Y., aged 48.

David Gould, State of N. York, aged 21.

James Pierce, Oneida Co., N. Y., aged 19.

Hunter C. Vaughan, of Sacketts Harbor, son of Captain Vaughan, of the U. S. steamer Telegraph, is in his 20th year.

On Tuesday morning came on the trial of four British subjects, viz:

James Cummings an Upper Canadian.

John Thomson, from Northumberlandshire, England, aged 49, formerly a private in the 63rd Regt.

James Inglis, Paisley, Scotland, aged 30.

Hugh Colquhoun, from Ireland, aged 25.

A letter dated near the mouth of White River in Arkansas, gives the following painful account of a remarkable conflict with a bear:

There was one of the deepest tragedies here two evenings ago that I ever heard of. Mr. Harris, the landlord in whose house I am now staying, went up the river to drive some cattle to a Mr. Kean's. On the way, he and Kean saw a very large bear, which they shot twice, wounding him mortally but not killing him. They then followed him with their dogs, and when they came to where he was, Mr. Harris went into the cave to get another chance to shoot him. The bear was behind a tree, and Mr. Harris and the bear met. Harris shot him the third time, but did not kill him. The bear caught him by the ham string and bit the large artery in two. Kean who was loading another gun, ran to him, not being more than ten steps off, with his butcher knife, to stab the bear, that now had Harris under him, but when he was aiming the blow the bear saw him, and leaped at him. Kean sprang back, and Harris jumped from under the bear, ran fifteen or twenty feet and fell. Kean said 'are you hurt?' 'Yes, I am killed,' was his answer. Kean then jumped between Harris and the bear, as the latter was rushing to another attack, and luckily shot him the fourth time through the body which weakened the animal much, though he still fought with the dogs for some time. Kean ran next to Harris, saw his haggard countenance, begged him to speak, but the prostrate man expired in an instant. Mr. Harris has left five or six children and his poor wife.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

Louis Napoleon.—A London paper states that Prince Louis Napoleon on leaving Mannheim, on the 16th was most warmly greeted by the inhabitants, who had been made aware of his having arrived there the night before. A great crowd thronged the staircase of his hotel, and surrounded his carriage; and, as the letter from which we take this intelligence states, cries of "Vive l'Empereur," were uttered by several persons present.

Mr. Judson, the claimant of the Pea-Patch Island, which keeps the river and State of Delaware in a ferment, has entered upon that "disputed territory," and by virtue of the U. S. Marshal for New Jersey, and a writ of *habere facias possessionem*, has taken up his quarters thereon, until the State of Delaware, who ceded the island to the United States, shall, by a writ of *habere facias ejectionem*, dislodge the incumbent.—N. Y. E. Star.

On the 31st inst. a terrible explosion occurred on board the steam boat Augusta, near Vicksburg; many persons were killed or drowned.

A RIVER ON FIRE.

It can no longer be doubted that the Alabamians are waking up, as it will appear, by the following article, that they have succeeded in setting their principal river on fire:

The Tombigby River on Fire.—While Mr. J. M. Cooper was prosecuting the removal of McGrew's shoals, after boring to the depth of 375 feet, his anger suddenly dropped and entirely disappeared. In the space of several moments a deep hollow sound was heard, resembling the rumbling noise of distant thunder from the chasm below, and at the same instant gushed forth from the shaft thus made, a clear, transparent, oleaginous substance or liquid, which boils up very similar to a boiling pot; and which, owing to the sluggishness of the current, has gradually diffused itself over the whole surface of the river. A quantity has been collected, and upon application of fire, it is found to burn equal to the present sperm oil.

To gratify curiosity and make further tests, fire has been applied to the oil on the water, and the whole surface of the river is now burning, emitting a flame of most beautiful appearance about six inches high, and has already extended about half way down to Fort Stoddard; the reflection of which upon the horizon at night, presents a most sublime spectacle, far surpassing in grandeur and beauty of appearance, the aurora borealis.—Mobile Journal.

MURDER.—On Saturday last, a Coroner's inquest was held over the body of Joseph Roberts, for a long time a resident of this place and vicinity, who was stamped to death the evening previous, by a man named John Rocky, at a drunken dance, held at the shantee of Nehemiah Dillon, 17 miles below town. The wretches who were engaged in the "frolic" with a savage indifference, rolled the body into a corner, and without throwing a covering over the senseless clay, continued their hellish orgies for hours after the murder. Vicksburg may be pointed at for hanging her gamblers, and the name of St. Louis be uttered with shuddering, because of her burning to ashes a negro murderer; but in neither place have they ever first murdered, and then hour after hour danced over, around, and upon the body of their victim. We hope that the extreme of punishment may speedily overtake the principal; and that those who were present may meet that scorn and indignation from the public they have so largely earned and so richly merit. Rocky has not as yet been taken; there are, however, persons in pursuit of him.—Zanesville Visitor.

POST OFFICE IMPROPRIETY.—Our copy of the N. Y. Courier, received from the Post Office this morning, was much mutilated, by having several articles (probably the most interesting and important) cut out. This must have been done in the Post Office, and is a serious and high offence, for which the perpetrator is amenable to heavy penalties. As well might they rifle the contents of a letter.—Cin. Whig.

Execution Deferred.—We learn from a gentleman just from Watertown, that five of the Patriot prisoners who were to have been hung on Wednesday last, had been temporarily respited.—Only three (Shoults, George and Abbey) had yet been executed.—Albany Journal.

Speaking of the outrage perpetrated at Harrisburg by the mob which forced the Legislative Halls and drove the Legislators out of them, and of those persons who excuse, if they do not justify, such an atrocious outrage, the Boston Journal well observes, that "a justification of such unparalleled scenes of disorder is far more alarming than the rebellion itself. It shows that a worm is gnawing at the root."

Three casks of gunpowder, shipped as coffee, were lately landed in Vicksburg from the steamer Augusta; being part of the cargo of the ship Powhatan, of and from New York. They were consigned to John Fountain, of the former place, and shipped in his presence at the latter city! This system of shipping a combustible article under the denomination of "hardware," "coffee," &c., we apprehend, will not be checked, until fearful consequences result from it. In the present instance, the "casks of coffee," after being transhipped to the Augusta, were placed near the fires, thus endangering the lives of all on board, for the paltry consideration of a few dollars increase in the freight!—N. O. Adv.

This unprincipled and villainous conduct ought to be reprobated and punished.

HONESTY.—A certain poor widow, one winter's day had consumed her little stock of wood in providing a scanty meal for her children, without knowing where she could obtain more. She put her children to bed soon after, and sat shivering over a handful of embers in full view of a large woodpile, belonging to a rich and hard-hearted neighbor. The thought entered her mind that she could take a handful of this wood and the owner would never miss it. After many struggles she concluded to go after her neighbor had gone to bed, and get a handful that she might prepare her children some breakfast. She went and picked up the wood, but the thought of stealing so overwhelmed her, that forgetting where she was, she spoke aloud, "Have I come to this? Must I steal? Oh, I cannot steal, but if I don't I must freeze.—But oh! I can't steal!" and throwing down the wood, she walked away. She went home and went to bed. The rich man stood in his door and heard all the poor woman said, and it softened his heart. Early next morning he sent eight loads of wood and other articles, telling her that she was welcome, and adding, "you fairly beat the devil out of me last night."—Evansville Journal.

JAMES B. CLARKE has opened—
50 pieces French and British merinos, all qualities
10 do. ladies' cloak cloths, most desirable shades
10 do. new style cassimere, all prices
30 do. cassimere, all prices
25 do. super. French and English calicoes, new styles
20 do. super. white, colored, and domestic flannels
20 pairs Whitney and riband-bound blankets
50 do. 10-4, 11-4, and 12-4 rose blankets
100 do. Mackinac, duflin, and point blankets, for servants
100 doz. silk, cotton, worsted, mohair, and lamb's wool hosiery (including an assortment of misses and children's)
Also, shawls, gloves, stockings, umbrellas, Canton flannels, and doekins, plain and hem-stitched linen cambric handkerchiefs, lace veils, head reticules, cotton fringes, lamb's wool shirts and drawers, &c. &c.
Also, 11-2 case fine Florence brand bonnets
1 1-2 do. colored English do.
1 1-2 do. do. American do.
Also, an excellent assortment of ladies' fine slippers and walking shoes, of superior quality.
The above, together with a large stock of goods in the subscriber's line, he will sell as low, if not lower, than the same qualities can be bought elsewhere in the District.
Nov. 24—31.